Can yet the leaſe of my true love controule
Suppoſde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
The mortall Moone hath her eclipſe indur'd
And the ſad Augurs mocke their owne preſage,
Incertainties now crowne themſelves aſſur'd,
And peace proclaimes Olives of endleſſe age.
Now with the droppes of this moſt balmie time,
My love lookes freſh, and death to me ſubſcribes,
Since ſpight of him Ile live in this poore rime,
While he inſults ore dull and ſpeechleſſe tribes.
And thou in this ſhalt finde thy monument,
When tyrants creſts and tombs of braſſe are ſpent.
What's in the braine that inke may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true ſpirit,
What's new to ſpeake, what now to regiſter,
That may expreſſe my love, or thy deare merit?
Nothing ſweet-love, but yet like prayers divine,
I muſt each day ſay ore the very ſame,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when firſt I hallowed thy faire name.
So that eternall love in loves freſh caſe,
Weighes not the duſt and injuries of age,
Nor gives to neceſſary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
Finding the firſt conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward forme would ſhew it dead.

Perjurie.

LOve is too young to know what conſcience is,
Yet who knowes not conſcience is borne of love,
Then

Then gentle cheater urge not my amiſſe,
Leaſt guilty of my faults thy ſweet ſelfe p
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my groſſe bodies treaſo
My ſoule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in love, fleſh ſtaies no farther re
But riſing at thy name doth point out the
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pri
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To ſtand in thy affaires, fall by thy ſide.
No want of conſcience hold it that I ca
Her love, for whoſe deare love I riſe an
In loving thee thou know'ſt I am forſwor
But thou art twice forſworne to me love f
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith
In vowing new hate after new love beari
But why of two oathes breach doe I accuſe
When I breake twenty: I am perjur'd mo
For all my vowes are oathes but to miſuſe
And all my honeſt faith in thee is loſt.
For I have ſworne deepe oathes of ~~thy~~ dee
Oathes of thy love, thy truth, thy conſtan
And to enlighten thee gave eyes to blindn
Or made them ſweare againſt the thing th
For I have ſworne thee faire: more perj
To ſweare againſt the truth ſo foule a li

The Tale of Cephalus *and*

BEneath Hymetus hill well cloath'd wit
A holy Well her ſoft ſprings gently pow